

ATTEMPTED CONTROL

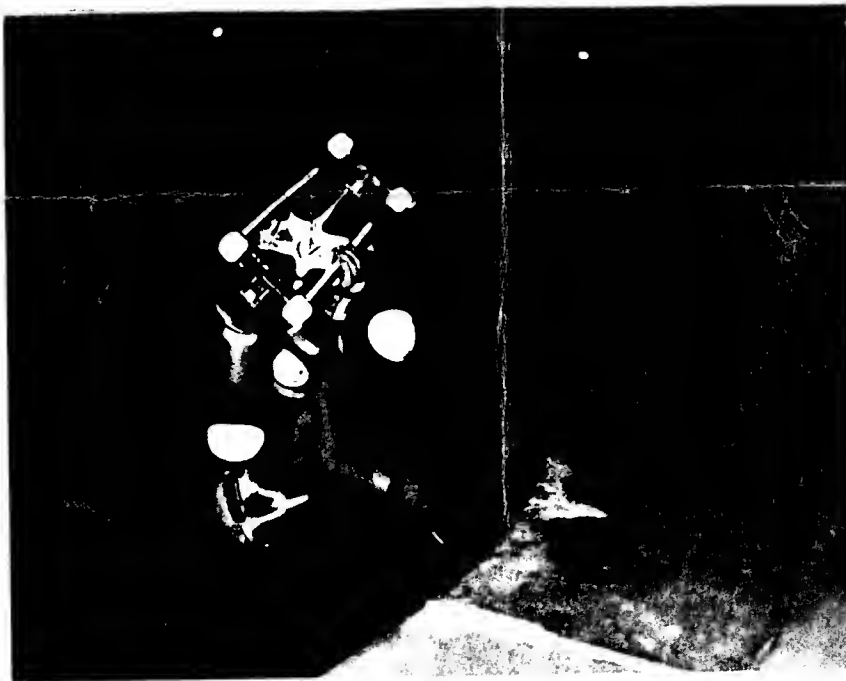
SKATE RAG

APRIL 1984

PREMIER ISSUE
COLLECTOR'S EDITION
NEW

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BELOW- GENE FOREST INVERTS AT KONA'S POOL



INSIDE:
ROAD TRIPS-
KONA
WEST VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
PLUS:
PICS OF THE PROS
AT ST. PETE

ATTEMPTED CONTROL SKATE RAG
ISSUE NUMBER ONE - APRIL 1984

THE PEOPLE WHO BRING YOU THIS RAG.....

DEAN BANNON - EDITOR AND HARDEST WORKER
MARK ACKLES - ROVING REPORTER AND PHOTO MAN
LEE McCORMACK - REPORTER AND PROVIDER OF MUCH TRANSPORTATION

AS YOU CAN SEE, THIS IS THE FIRST ISSUE OF ATTEMPTED CONTROL. A LOT OF YOU OUT THERE ARE PROBABLY SAYING "WOW, ANOTHER RAG SO WHAT." WELL, IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE I DON'T CARE. YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO YOUR OWN OPINION. BUT THIS RAG IS 'NT FOR YOU IT'S FOR THOSE OF US WHO PUT IT TOGETHER AND THOSE OF YOU WHO CARE TO READ IT. WE PUT OUT THIS RAG FOR FUN. I DON'T KNOW IF IT WILL BE A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OR NOT WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN. IF ANY OF YOU OUT THERE WANT COVERAGE, SEND ME THE PICS AND I'LL TRY NOT TO DENY YOU. OTHERWISE IF YOU WANT THE RAG DELIVERED TO YOU BY THE FRIENDLY POSTMAN, SEND ME THE STAMPS. DROP US A NOTE, WE'D LOVE TO HERE FROM YOU. WE HAVE A RAMP DOWN HERE AT MARK'S HOUSE AND YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME TO COME SKATE WITH US. - ED.

A FINAL NOTE - WE DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE BEGGARS, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE THERE ARE NO ADS IN THE RAG WHICH MEANS WE DO NOT HAVE ANY SPONSORS AT THIS POINT. IF ANY PROSPECTIVE SPONSORS ARE OUT THERE READING PLEASE KNOW WE WELCOME YOUR RESPONSE WHOLE - HEARTIDLY. THANKS FOR LISTENING.

THANKS DOUG AND JOE FOR THE PICS.

QUOTES TO FILL UP SPACE:

TUFF TO A SHAVEN LEE - "IT'S ATTITUDE, NOT HAIR STYLE."
MARK - "BAILING SUCKS."
DEAN - "HEY, A NICKLE'S FIVE PIECES OF LION'S CLUB BUBBLE GUM."
DEAN - "HAVING A BRONKEN ARM SURE DOES RAG."
LEE - "NOT AS BAD AS HAVING A BROKEN LEG."
DEAN - "?????"

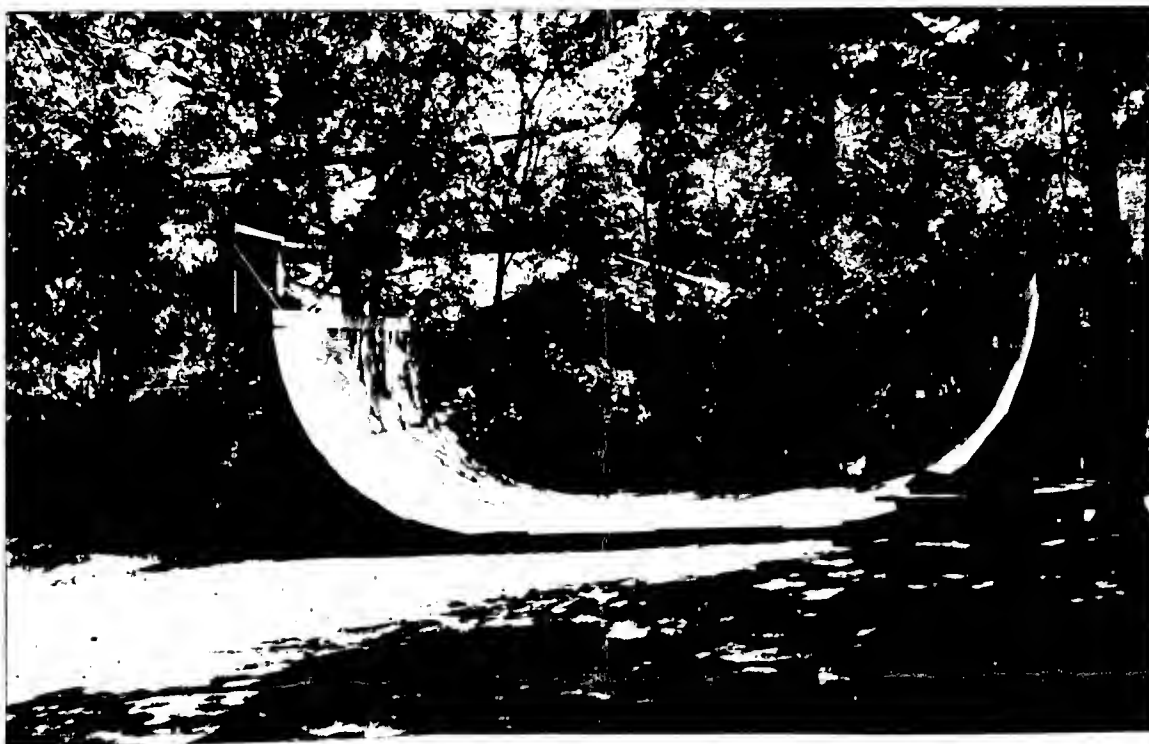
Room For
Not If So
Desired

ATTEMPTED CONTROL SKATE RAG
c/o DEAN BANNON
230 TARPON BAY ROAD
MYRTLE BEACH, S.C. 29577

ROAD TRIP

DESTINATION:
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

BY LEE McCORMACK



THE CHARLOTTE RAMP

AFTER A HALF DAY OF SCHOOL MARK AND I WERE OFF, CAR PACKED TO THE WINDOWS, BLACK FLAG BLASTING OUT THE SPEAKERS. AFTER AN HOUR ON HIGHWAY 501 MARK DECIDES HE'S GOING TO FIX A SCREWED UP TAPE. THIS WILL LAST THE REST OF THE TRIP. AFTER 4 HOURS OF 85 MPH HAULING ASS WE WERE THERE AND READY TO SKATE. AFTER FINDING MIKE CORLER, OUR HOST FOR THE WEEKEND, ON THE UNCC CAMPUS AND MEETING A COUPLE OF GIRLS WE WERE OFF TO THE RAMP FOR A THREE HOUR SESSION. AT FIRST THERE WERE ONLY THREE OF US THEN THE LOCALS ARRIVED. FIRST WAS BRETT WHO WAS JUST BEGINNING BUT WAS GETTING THERE. THEN THERE WAS WADE. HE WAS THE BEST OF THE LOCALS PULLING OFF TWO FOOT PLUS BACK AND FRONTSIDE AIRS, EXTENDED HAND PLANTS, ROCK AND SLIDERS AND MANY OTHER MOVES. NEXT TO ARRIVE WAS THE OWNER OF THE RAMP, MARK. HE WAS A FIRST GENERATION SKATER AND SHREDDED HEAVILY. HIS RAMP IS 16 FOOT WIDE, 8 FEET TALL, PERFECT TRANSITION, WITH 12 FOOT OF FLAT AND TWO 2 FOOT ROLL OUTS.

WELL, AS NIGHT FELL IT WAS TIME TO GO BACK TO THE DORM AND GRAB SOME FOOD AT THE LOCAL GREASE PIT, THE RATSCHLER, WHERE THE FOOD WAS CHEAP BUT GOOD. AFTERWARD IT WAS TIME TO GO TO THE LOCAL MALL WHICH WAS HUGE WITH AN ICE SKATING RINK INSIDE. WHEN WE RETURNED WE WERE GREETED BY A HALF HOUR FIRE DRILL. AFTER THE DRILL WE WENT BACK TO THE ROOM TO LISTEN TO SOME TUNES AND TALK TO SOME GIRLS AGAIN. THIS ONE GIRL, KATHI, WAS TRIPPING OUT ON ME AND MARK.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW WHY WE HAD OUR HEADS SHAVED AND LISTENED TO PUNK. AFTER AN HOUR OF TWENTY QUESTIONS AND THREE ALBUMS IT WAS 10:30 PM AND TIME FOR SOME STREET SKATING. AFTER ABOUT 15 MINUTES THERE WERE AROUND 10 PEOPLE WATCHING THE SLIDES, ROCK AND ROLLS AND FOOT PLANTS. MIKE WAS PULLING OFF 360's LIKE HELICOPTERS. AROUND 12:00 WE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO GO HEAR SOME MORE ALBUMS AND THEN HIT THE CARPET. WE ALL DIED PREETY FAST.

DAY TWO: THE NIGHT WAS LONG AND THE FLOOR HARD. WE ALL WOKE UP AT 8:30 ready to skate THE RAMP ONE LAST TIME BEFORE IT HAD TO BE RE-LOCATED TO A NEW SPOT. HOWEVER, THE SKATE GODS MUST HAVE BEEN PISSSED BECAUSE IT WAS RAINING. WE OPTED TO GRAB SOME BREAKFAST AT THE CORPORATE DEATH BURGER. AFTER BREAKFAST THE RAIN STOPPED BUT THE SKIES DIDN'T LOOK PROMISING SO WE WENT BACK TO THE ROOM AND WAITED FOR IT TO DRY UP. IT NEVER DID BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THE PLANS TO TAKE DOWN THE RAMP. IT CAME DOWN WITH EASE BECAUSE MARK, THE RAMP OWNER, HAD PUT IT TOGETHER WITH SCREWS AND BOLTS INSTEAD OF NAILS. THE RAMP WAS FOUR QUARTER PIPES AND ONE PIECE OF FLAT ALL SCREWED TOGETHER. WE GOT ALL THE PLYWOOD OFF BEFORE DARK AND WENT BACK TO THE ROOM FOR A SMALL PARTY (ME, MARK, MIKE, KATHI, AND JAMIE) AFTER A FEW HOURS PASSED MIKE TAKES THE GIRLS HOME AND MARKEEDO AND I DECIDE TO SKATE THE DORM HALLS, WALLS AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT DIDN'T MOVE. MIKE RETURNS AND TELLS US THAT THE MAID IS GOING TO KILL HIM FOR ALL THE SCRATCH MARKS ON THE FLOOR. NOT 2 SECONDS LATER MIKE GRABS HIS BOARD AND TRIES TO JUMP OFF OF ONE WALL AND LAND ON THE OTHER AND RIDE DOWN. AFTER A FEW TRIES HE MAKES IT LEAVING THE WALLS COVERED WITH SCRATCHES. BUY NOW IT IS 1:00 AM AND MARK JUST CURLS UP IN THE FETUS POSITION AND CRASHED, MIKE CLAMPED ON THE ^{HEAD OF KID} AND CRANKED UP CODE OF HONOR SO LOUD YOU COULD HEAR IT TWO ROOMS AWAY AND SOME HOW MANAGED TO FALL ASLEEP. I CUT OFF THE MUSIC AND CRASHED. AFTER ABOUT 3 HOURS OF SNOOZING I AWAKE TO THE SOUND OF MARK TALKING ABOUT TUFF AND MIKE SKATEBOARDING. I LOOK UP AND NOTICE HE WAS (GET THIS) STILL SLEEPING. AFTER ABOUT 15 MINUTES OF BABLING HE SHUT UP FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT.

DAY THREE: WE ALL GOT UP AT ABOUT 10:00 AM AND WENT TO THE RAMP WHERE THERE WAS A U-HAUL TRUCK WAITING TO MOVE THE RAMP WE HAD TAKEN DOWN THE PREVIOUS DAY TO ITS NEW LOCATION- MARK, THE OWNERS, GIRLFRIENDS HOUSE. FIRST WE LOADED THE FLY THEN THE FLAT, SOME JUNK FROM THE HOUSE AND FINALLY TWO OF THE QUARTER PIPES. WE DUMPED OFF THAT LOAD AND CAME BACK TO GET THE OTHER QUARTER PIPES DROPPED THEM OFF AND WE WERE DONE! IT WAS NOW DARK AND WE HIT ARBYS FOR FOOD AND THEN SOME STREET SKATING AT THE MALL. THERE WERE SO MANY GOOD LOOKING CHICS HANGING OUT THERE. WE SKATED ABOUT THREE HOURS AND THEN WENT TO THE LOCAL VIDIOT HOLE BECAUSE MIKE SAID THERE WERE A LOT OF GOOD LOOKING FEMALES THERE TOO. THERE WERE SO MANY DAMN PREPS THERE IT MADE ME WANT TO PUKE. MARK AND MIKE STARTED PLAYING ASTEROIDS. I LOOKED AROUND THE PLACE AND SAW THIS GUY WITH A MOHAWK AND HIGH TOP CONVERSE. MIKE ASKED HIM IF HE SKATED AND HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT MIKE MEANT ROLLERSKATING AND SAID YEA. WHEN MIKE ASKED HIM WHAT KIND OF BOARD HE HAD THE GOONS FACE WENT BLANK AND HE WALKED OFF. HE ENDED UP BEING ANOTHER DAMN JOCK. AFTERWARD WE WENT HOME CAUGHT SOME TV AND WENT TO BED (FLOOR) ABOUT 12:00.

day FOUR: WE ALL GOT UP ABOUT 9 AM, PACKED MY CAR, DID SOME MORE STREET SKATING AND IT WAS TIME TO SAY BYE TO MIKE AND THE GIRLS AND HEAD BACK HOME. EVEN THOUGH WE ONLY GOT TO SKATE THE RAMP ONCE IT WAS A GREAT TRIP AND WE ARE GOING BACK IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS WHEN THE RAMP IS REBUILT.

End 0

DEAN'S TRIP TO WEST VIRGINIA

DAY ONE:

IT IS FRIDAY MORNING AND I AM NOW ON MY WAY TO WEST VIRGINIA TO VISIT MY GRANDMOTHER AND FOR ALL MY INTENTIONAL PURPOSES TO SKATE. THE NINE HOUR TREK FROM MYRTLE BEACH IS BY NO MEANS ENJOYABLE. HOWEVER, I DO HAVE THE NEW THRASHER AND TWS TO KEEP ME COMPANY.

LATER:

WE ARRIVE AT MY GRANDMOTHERS AROUND 7:00 PM. SHE LIVES IN A LITTLE TOWN JUST OUTSIDE OF HUNTINGTON. WHAT?? ITS SNOWING OUTSIDE?!? DAMN, I'LL DIE IF THIS SNOW RUINS MY SKATING PLANS.

AFTER THE VARIOUS ASSORTMENT OF HUGS AND SUCH THAT MUST GO ON BETWEEN RELATIVES THAT RARELY SEE EACH OTHER, I EAT, CATCH SOME TUBE AND HIT THE BLANKETS ANTICIPATING GREAT SKATE ADVENTURES TOMORROW AND SUNDAY.

DAY TWO:

10:00 AM- I AWAKE TO THE SOUND OF A SKATERS ARCH ENEMY - RAIN. ONE CAN IMAGINE THE THOUGHTS OF DISGUST PLAQUING MY MIND. I SHOWER (YES I DO TAKE SHOWERS), CLOTHE MYSELF AND DECIDE TO CHECK OUT MY GRANDMOTHERS BREAKFAST. THE BREAKFAST WAS GOOD. MY ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE AT THIS TIME IS VERY UNFAVORABLE. THE RAIN IS FALLING HARDER AND MY ANGER IS GROWING. WELL, THERE NOT MUCH I CAN DO EXCEPT PRAY THE CLOUDS STOP CRYING.

11:00 AM- STILL RAINING.

12:00 PM- RAIN IS STILL FALLING HARD. I DECIDE TO CLEAN MY BEARINGS.

1:00 PM- STILL RAINING.

2:00 PM- YOU BET.

3:00 PM- DON'T EVEN ASK.

3:30 PM- RAIN IS SLACKING OFF.

4:00 PM- RAIN HAS STOPPED AND THE OUTSIDE IS STARTING TO DRY.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, I'M HAPPY THAT THE RAIN HAS STOPPED BUT THE DAY IS PRACTICALLY SHOT WHICH PISSES ME OFF. I WAIT ABOUT AN HOUR TO LET THE GREAT OUTDOORS DRY. I THEN GRAB MY SKATE AND PROCEED TO EXIT THE HOUSE BY WAY OF THE FRONT DOOR. HEY, THERE ARE A LOT OF HILLS AROUND HERE. I THINK I'LL TRY SOME DOWNHILL ACTION. (BY THE WAY, I HAD NEVER DONE ANY STEEP DOWNHILL RIDING, BUT AT THIS TIME I WAS WILLING TO SKATE ANYTHING) I WONDER IF I SHOULD GET MY PADS? -NAH! (MISTAKE #1) THE ROADS ARE STILL KIND OF WET IN MOST PLACES. SHOULD I GO FOR IT ANY WAY? -SURE! (MISTAKE #2). I WENT TO THE TOP OF A RATHER HUGE HILL, JUMPED ON AND STARTED GOING. IN NO TIME I WAS HAULING ASS BIG TIME. WHILE FLYING DOWN THE HILL AT A RATHER EXCESSIVE SPEED, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL I WAS GOING TO HAVE MADE A TURN OF APPROXIMATELY 90 DEGREES. DOES ANYONE OUT THERE KNOW WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE? I SURE DIDN'T. I OPTED TO GRAB MY OUTSIDE RAIL AND HOPE FOR THE BEST (MISTAKE #3, I SHOULD HAVE BAILED). WHILE ATTEMPTING TO TURN, MY BOARD FLEW OVER SOME WET STREET AND SLID OUT FROM UNDER ME. MY UNPADDED KNEES (REFER TO MISTAKE #1) WERE RUDELY INTRODUCED TO THE PAVEMENT. MUCH PAIN. NOT FUN. I THINK I'LL STICK TO SKATING VERTICAL.

AFTER RECOVERING FROM MY MASSIVE SPILL, I DECIDED TO DO SOME STREET SKATING. I CAME ACROSS THIS CHURCH WITH WALLS SURROUNDING IT. THE WALLS WERE ABOUT FIVE FEET HIGH AND WIDE ENOUGH FOR A SKATEBOARD TO FIT ON ANY. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS- FIVE FOOT WALL DROPS. I TRIED SEVERAL AND MADE ABOUT FOUR OR SO. IT WAS PRETTY HAIRY. I LEFT THE CHURCH DO TO HURTING ANKLES. WHILE SKATING HOME I CAME ACROSS THIS HIGHLY SHREDDABLE BANK. I SKATED UNTIL BOREDOM SET IN. I SKATED HOME ABOUT THE TIME IT WAS GETTING DARK THUS ENDING MY SKATING (OR I'LL CALL IT NON-SKATING) FOR THE DAY.

DAY THREE:

I AWAKE TO OVERCAST SKIES BUT AT LEAST NO RAIN. THE THERMOMETER READS A NICE WARM 30 DEGREES OUTSIDE. BY THE WAY I'LL REMIND YOU THAT WHEN I LEFT MYRTLE BEACH IT WAS 70 DEGREES AND SUNNY SO I'M NOT USED TO THIS INCLEMENT WEATHER. BUT WHO CARES ANYWAY? IT IS NOW TIME TO FIND A RAMP. I BREAK OUT THE HUNTINGTON YELLOW PAGES HOPING TO FIND A SKATE SHOP AND GET THE NAME OF A RAMP OWNER. NO SUCH LUCK. IS THERE A SKATE SHOP IN HUNTINGTON? I'M PISSED OFF AGAIN. I PERSUADE MY MOM TO DRIVE ME AROUND H-TON BECAUSE I KNOW THERE IS A RAMP AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE BECAUSE RIDGE TALKED ABOUT IT MANY TIMES IN HIS SHREDDERS. I WAS IN A DEEP DEPRESSION WORRYING THAT MY TRIP WOULD BE A TOTAL FLOP WHEN MY EYES SIGHTED THE DOWNTOWN BRICK BANKS THAT RIDGE HAD ALSO TALKED ABOUT. TO USE THE PROPER CLICHE FOR THE MOMENT, -"IT WAS A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES". I WASTED NO TIME IN SLIPPING ON THE OLE RECTORS AND PUTTING MY DECK TO USE. MOM SAID SHE WAS GOING SHOPPING AND WOULD BE BACK TO PICK ME UP SHORTLY "DON'T HURRY" WAS MY REPLY. I SKATED THE BRICKS INTENSELY. ATTEMPTED HANDPLANTS, FOOTPLANTS, SWEEPERS, LAYBACKS AND BERTLEMAN SLIDES WERE MY POINTS OF ATTACK. I WAS HAPPY, OVERALL, WITH MY PERFORMANCE AT THE BRICKS. I HAD HEARD RIDGE TALK ABOUT THE ANTI-SKATER LAW ENFORCEMENT PEOPLE ENDING SOME OF HIS SESSIONS HERE BUT NO SUCH ANNOYANCE FOR MYSELF. AFTER AN HOUR OR SO MOM PICKED ME UP AND I WAS FULFILLED FOR THE TIME BEING. UPON ARRIVING BACK AT MY GRANDMOTHERS HOUSE I WAS SO STOKED ON SKATING THAT I HAD TO HAVE MORE. BUT WHAT DOES THIS LITTLE TOWN HAVE TO OFFER TO SATISFY MY SKATING NEEDS? MY GRANDMOTHER THEN INFORMED ME THAT THERE WAS A POOL NOT FAR AWAY AND PERHAPS IT WAS EMPTY. WELL IF IT WAS EMPTY IT WOULDN'T BE THAT WAY FOR LONG. IT WOULD HAVE ONE ENTHUSIASTIC SKATER IN IT. I GRABBED MY SKATE, PADS AND DIRECTIONS TO THE POOL AND HEADED OUT THE DOOR. I TOOK MY BROTHER, BRAD, ALONG FOR COMPANY. WE GOT TO THE POOL. IT WAS ENCLOSED BY A FENCE ABOUT 10 FEET HIGH. UP AND OVER WE WENT. WHAT? DID THAT BIG BLACK SIGN SAY "NO TRESPASSING" NAH IT COULDN'T HAVE. WE WALKED OVER TO THE POOL AND GUESS WHAT IT WAS EMPTY. I WAS SO EXCITED THAT I COULD HARDLY PAD MYSELF. THE POOL ITSELF WAS SORT OF SQUARE SHAPED BUT THE TRANSITION SUFFICED WELL. GOOD COPING ALSO. WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MY BRO I STARTED GYRATING HIGHER UP THE VERTICAL WALLS. BEFORE LONG I WAS GETTING BACKSIDE GRINDS AND LAPOVERS WITH OCCASIONAL WHEELERS. HOWEVER, MY BODY WAS TAKING MUCH PUNISHMENT DUE TO ATTEMPTED AIRS AND HANG-UPS. I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH SKATING THOUGH. IT STARTED TO GET DARK SO WE HEADED BACK TO MY GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE. THAT WAS A COOL SESSION BUT IT WOULD'VE BEEN MUCH BETTER HAD I HAD A FELLOW SKATER WITH ME. UPON ARRIVING HOME I ATE DINNER AND PACKED 'CAUSE WE'RE LEAVING TOMORROW MORNING. I BRUSHED MY TEETH AND WENT TO BED.

DAY FOUR:

IT IS MONDAY AND WE ARE ON OUR WAY BACK TO M.B. I HATE TRAVELING IN CARS. IT SUCKS. 9 HOURS LATER WE ARRIVE HOME THUS ENDING MY SOJOURN TO WEST VIRGINIA. THIS WAS MY FIRST VERY REMOTE SKATE TRIP. OVERALL IT WAS A DISASTER BUT I LEARNED MUCH ON WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO ON FUTURE TRIPS. I HAVE COMPILED SOME TIPS TO THIS EFFECT FOR YOU ALL.

TRIP TIPS

BY DEAN

1. TAKE A SKATE BUD IF POSSIBLE
2. HAVE A CONTACT IN THE TOWN YOUR'E HITTING THAT YOU CAN RELY ON AND MAKE SURE HE KNOWS ALL THE COOL SPOTS

TRIP TIPS (cont.)

3. MEET AND BECOME FRIENDS WITH THE LOCALS(I UNFORTUNATELY MISSED OUT ON THIS ASPECT OF SKATE TRIPS)
4. LAST AND MOST IMPORTANTLY DON'T GET CAUGHT(AS I DID) WITH NO IDEA WHERE ANYTHING IS WITH NOTHING OR NO ONE TO TURN TO BECAUSE IF THIS HAPPENS VALUABLE TIME THAT COULD BE SPENT RIPPING NEW TERRAIN IS SPENT PICKING YOUR NOSE WITH NOTHING TO DO.

THIS STORY IS NOW OVER - ED.

P.S. NO IREALLY DON'T PICK MY NOSE.

SORRY I LIED TO YOU BEFORE.THE STORY IS OVER NOW INSTEAD OF THEN.

SORRY NO PICTURES.MYSELF FORGOT TO BRING A CAMERA.

THE FOLLOWING ARE PICTURES OF THE ST. PETE JAM.THEY WERE ALL TAKEN BY JOE POLEVY(RISE ABOVE) WHO WAS COOL ENOUGH TO SEND THEM MY WAY. IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD YET, THERE'S A HOT RAMP GOING UP IN JOE'S AREA.WRITE TO HIM FOR INFO.I KNOW OUR CREW WILL BE THERE WHENEVER THE RAMP IS COMPLETED.THANKS AGAIN FOR THE PIX.



NEIL BLENDER, VARIAL



TONY MAGNUSSON, BIO BACKSIDE



MIKE MCGILL TWISTING A
HANDPLANT



MONTY NOLDER BONING A FRONTSIDER
OVER THE CHANNEL



JEFF PHILLIPS SKIES ONE
AS CAB AND MONTY LOOK
ON

KONA TRIP

BY: MARK ACKLES



Mike Hurley
launches a backside
air out of KONA's
pool. photo: Ackles

DAY ONE:

FRIDAY- NOV. 18- AFTER PLANNING THE TRIP AND TALKING MY DAD INTO STOPPING AT KONA ON THE WAY TO LEHIGH, WE DEPARTED. WE LEFT ABOUT 4:30 AND TRAVELED STRAIGHT THROUGH TO SOME LITTLE BYPASS TOWN JUST OUTSIDE OF JAX. ABOUT THE ONLY HIGH THIS DAY WAS THE COOPER RIVER BRIDGE

DAY TWO:

AWAKE TODAY WITH GREAT EXPECTATIONS OF KONA. AFTER GRUBBIN' AT THE LOCAL MCDONALDS WE WERE ON OUR WAY EQUIPPED WITH ONLY A MAP AND AN ADDRESS. AFTER A 1/2 HOUR OF WRONG TURNS, MISTAKES AND CROWDED TRAFFIC WE CAME ACROSS A BM TRACK. ONE LITTLE BMXER GAVE US DIRECTIONS (THANKS!). IT TURNED OUT THAT WE WERE ONLY BLOCKS AWAY BUT THE PROBLEM WAS CROSSING THE HIGHWAY. THIS WAS A DILEMMA SINCE THERE WASN'T A PLACE TO CROSS FOR ABOUT A MILE. I COULD SEE WHERE OTHER SKATERS HAD CUT THE MEDIAN, BUT THERE WERE ROWS OF SHRUBBERY BLOCKING THE WAY. AFTER GOING THE LONG WAY AROUND WE MADE IT THERE. I FLE IN THE DOOR TO FIND THAT THE PARK HAD JUST OPENED. AFTER REGISTERING AND GETTING PADDED UP I HEADED OUT THE DOOR. WOW! WHAT A PLACE. IT WAS IMPRESSIVE. I TOOK IT SLOW AND SKATED THE BANKED FREESTYLE, BUT SOON I WAS ASSAULTING THE FAMOUS BOWL EQUIPPED WITH TOMBSTONE. IT WAS DEFINITELY HAIRY. EVEN THE SIMPLEST MOVES BROUGHT A RUSH TO MY LUNGS. AFTER FEELING MYSELF OFF THE BOTTOM MORE THAN ONCE, SOME LOCAL GUYS BEGAN SKATING. THESE LITTLE KIDS WHOM WERE AS LITTLE AS 6 AND 7 WERE DOING ALL KINDS OF STUFF HERE. AFTER BEING OUTCLASSSED, I CHECKED OUT THE HALFPPIPE. STILL WET BUT THERE IS TIME NEXT I TRIED THE POOL. SINCE IT WAS MY FIRST POOL I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU IT WAS WEIRD. I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY THEY HAD SEPERATE POOL AND HALFT COMPETITION, NOW I KNEW WHY. IT TOOK TIME, BUT SOON I WAS DOING BACKSIDE EDGERS AND SMALL AIRS. NEXT CAME FRONTSIDE. IT WAS TOO HAIRY AND SHAKY SO I DECIDED TO FORGET ABOUT THAT FOR A WHILE. AFTER MEETING A NUMBER OF LOCAL

IT WAS TIME FOR A DRINK.

WHEN WE CAME OUT THERE WERE LOTS OF SKATERS ON THE HALFPPIPE. I DECIDED TO WATCH. THESE SKATERS WERE THE BEST I HAD EVER SEEN. BRIAN FARABEGOLI AND CHRIS BAUCOM WERE LITTERALLY JAMMING. 4- 5 FOOT AIRS WERE COMMON. EXTENDED HANDPLANTS, 4 FOOT MUTE AIRS, AND WAY OUT LAYBACK AIRS WERE ALSO PERFORMED WITH EASE. BABBLING IN AMAZEMENT I SKATED MORE OF THE POOL AND A LITTLE OF THE BOWL.

AFTERWARD IT WAS TIME TO BID FAREWELL BUT NOT BEFORE A STOP AT THE SKATE SHOP. THE SHOP IS CHOK-FULL OF GOODIES FROM EVERY COMPANY I CAN THINK OF. THEN WE HIT THE ROAD FOR NEW PORT RICHY FLORIDA.

DAY THREE:

THIS DAY WAS FILLED WITH RAIN, BUT NOT BEFORE STREET SKATING AT THE MALL. IT ALSO INVOLVED MORE TRAVELING TO LEHIGH.

DAYS FOUR, FIVE AND SIX:

THIS WEEK WASN'T MUCH FOR SKATING BUT SKATE-BASKETBALL AND POOL (WITH WATER) ANTICS WERE RUN OF THE MILL.

DAY SEVEN:

ABOUT ALL THAT HAPPENED TODAY WAS EATING AND EATING IT BEING THANKSGIVING. I THINK EVERYBODY WENT A LITTLE OVERBOARD WITH THE EATING. SEVERE SKATE WITHDRAWAL WAS COMING INTO EFFECT. AFTER RARELY MISSING A 3 TO 4 HOUR SESSION BACK HOME IT WAS FIVE DAYS WITH NOTHING, EXCEPT COLD TURKEY AND SOME CURB SESSIONS.

DAY EIGHT:

THIS DAY SPENT TOURING FORT MEYERS. THIS TOOK ALL DAY. VISIONS OF KONA DANCED IN MY HEAD.

DAY NINE:

SATURDAY- AFTER AN EARLY ROUSING, A DELICIOUS HOME COOKED MEAL AND A LONG, CRAMPED, SWEATY, LOST TRIP I WAS AT KONA. AFTER ABOUT 15 SECONDS OF FREESTYLE, I WAS READY FOR THE POOL SO THAT'S WHERE I WENT. WHEN I GOT THERE, I WAS ALONE AND IMMEDIATELY BEGAN TO ENGAGE IN FRENZIED SKATING AND OCCASIONAL BACKSIDE AIR SLAMS. AFTER AWHILE GENE FORESI, BILL HUBBARD, MIKE HURLEY AND BUNCHES OF OTHER SKATERS, WHO I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF, BEGAN TO THRASH.

BILL WAS BLASTING IMPRESSIVE BACKSIDE AND MUTE AIRS, ALONG WITH AN INVERT OR TWO. GENE FORESI, WITH FRONTSIDE AIRS AND TWISTED INVERTS WAS REAL BIO. ME AND MIKE SNAPPED SOME PICTURES OF EACH SKATER AND IT WAS TIME FOR DINNER.

AFTERWARDS BILL, MYSELF AND A BAD BANKS SKATER (SORRY) SKATED THE FREESTYLE AND BOWL. THEN 10:00PM ROLED AROUND AND IT WAS TIME TO DRAG MY BATTERED BODY HOME.

DAY TEN:

AFTER LESS THAN SIX HOURS OF SLEEP IT WAS WAKIN' TIME. BY 7:00PM WE WERE HEADED BACK TO THE BIG M.B. WHERE UPON MY ARRIVAL A SMALL SESSION AMONG LOCALS WAS TAKING PLACE.

T
H
END!

More Pics of KONA



Gene Ford, flies
a frontside air
at the pool.



Mark Ackles, author
of this story, glides
a backside air
at the pool.



Mike Hurley, invert

All photo by Mark
except pic of him
by Hurley.

PICTURES OF VARIOUS SESSIONS AT MARK'S RAMP

ALL PHOTOS: DOUG LEL



MARK ACKLES FLOATS
A BACKSIDE AIR.

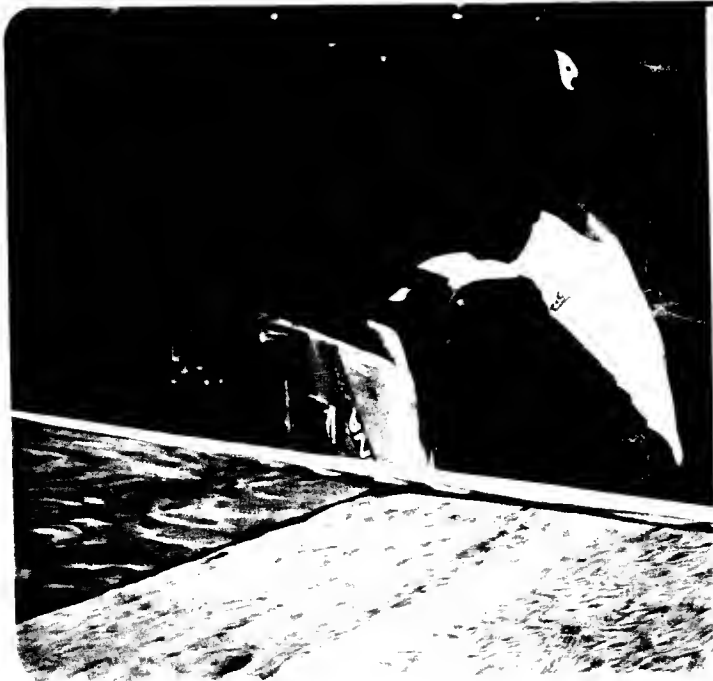


MORTY TABER IS CAUGHT HERE INVERTING AND GUIDING A BACKSIDE AIR.
THIS GUY IS PRETTY HOT.

MORE RAMP SESSIONS



ABOVE AND BELOW - MARK ACKLES
GRINDS FRONTSIDE. THIS GUY
LOVES TO GRIND.

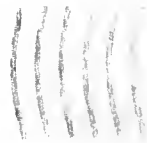


ABOVE- MORT TABER TAKES TO THE AIR
FRONTSIDE.

BELOW- RALFORD KING IS CAUGHT HERE
DURING A BACKSIDE AIR (TOO BAD DOUG,
CROPPED HIS HEAD OFF IN THIS PHOTO)



AT LEAST
C/O DEAN BANNON
230 TARPON BAY RD.
MYRTLE BEACH, S.C. 29577



SUBSCRIBE

TODAY!